THE COUNTY PAPER.

By DOBYNS & CO.

OREGON, : : : : MO

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

Which is the way from the crowded city,
To a land of shadow and silent peace,
Where women can love and men can pity,
And tears from sorrowing eyes may cease!
For the toiling town is harsh and hollow,
And hate points eastward, envy west;
Though many may fall, yet some will follow
To a home of dreams and the haven rest,
For the love of Heaven, stretch forth your hand,
And point the way to Bohemia's land.

Where are the fields and their emerald cover,
The wayside flowers and traveling car',
The new-found love and the long-tried lover!
They are better by far than our feverish art,
We are sick unto death of jealousy's fetter,
The secret dagger, the ceaseless strife;
There's triumph in fame, but freedom's better;
So give us a taste of a wandering life.
The senses sicken as fancie's hand
Paints endless love in Bohemia's land.

Bohemia's ways are strewn with flowers,
Her children free from the revel of wine;
Her dust is slaked by the sweetened showers,
'Neath covering trees they toast and dine.
When care creeps close, why away they wander
To seek whatever the mind loves best;
For hope endures when the heart sees yonder
A purer life and a surer rest.
How many despise, but how few withstand,
The ceaseless joys of Bohemia's land.

To the fields away! for nature presses
On toiling foreheads a balmy kiss;
There is nothing so sweet as her wild caresses,
No love more full to the lips than this.
Go I grant my brothers, when all is over,
And holiday hours cut short by fate,
That the sense of flowers and scent of clover
May soften sorrow and silence hate.
Old Time soon measures the fatal sand,
And the curtain falls on Bohemia's land.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSE HOLD.

Wheat Growing Maxims.

Somebody has been at the trouble of condensing a great deal of information about wheat-growing, as follows, into very small compass, and somebody else has set it afloat without giving credit to the author:

1. The best soil for wheat is rich clay loam.
2. Wheat likes a good, deep, soft bed.
3. Clover turned under makes just such a bed.
4. The best seed is oily, heavy, plump and clean.
5. About two inches is the best depth for sowing the seed.
6. The drill puts in the seed better and cheaper than broadcasting.
7. From the middle of September to the last of October is the best time for sowing.
8. Drilled, one bushel of seed per acre; if sown broadcast, two bushels per acre.
9. One heavy rolling after sowing does much good.
10. For flour, cut when the grain begins to harden; for seed, not until it has hardened.

How to Keep Eggs Fresh.

A correspondent of the Lancaster *Farmer* writes: "It is sometimes desirable to stow away eggs in the summer or fall, when prices are so low we cannot afford to sell them; they are often very scarce, and then will be keenly relished, or can be disposed of at a good price. To keep them thus, we believe there is no more efficient way than the one I have always practiced, and which was successfully practiced by my father for the last thirty or forty years. This is by taking none but perfectly fresh and sound eggs and setting them in layers on the tip or small end, in a box or basket or anything that will hold eggs. We do not put anything between them, nor do we put them up air tight, but always put them away in the cellar. Eggs we have put away in this position are as good and fresh six months after as the day they were laid, and we have never found one among them that was spoiled or stale when thus served. We feel confident they would keep good and fresh for one year.

Marketing of Potatoes.

There are two ways of disposing of this crop, both of which make it a profitable one to raise. The first is to market them, and the other to boil, and feed them to stock. Small potatoes are just as good for the latter purpose as larger ones, while the large ones will bring a far better price if the little ones are entirely picked out. Parties in town, who buy them for home use are always willing to pay a good price for medium and even-sized clean potatoes, but grumble when small ones are mixed in. If farmers would look them over, and use the inferior ones to cook for hogs, and market those of good size, they would find it greatly to their advantage.

When taking them to market, throw a quantity of hay in the bottom of the wagon-box, and then carefully put the potatoes in and cover them with a blanket or hay. Do not bring them in sacks or in the box without hay or straw, for in both these ways they become bruised and look badly.

There is always a demand for *good* fruit and vegetables, and the farmer who brings choice potatoes, nicely picked over to market, will never lack customers, and will always receive the highest market price.

Salt For Poultry.

The question as to whether salt is injurious to poultry has often been mooted. To get at the true facts, I have been feeding salt to all my poultry, both young and old, and closely watching the result.

I have fed it in cold and hot mush, in bran and everything else all the season, with the following results:

The poultry will eat all kinds of salted cod in preference to the unsalted; they have better general health; not a louse of any kind on young or old, (the first year I have been able to say so) and they are all beginning to moult, many of them laying as though not moulting.

Eggs are now cheap, and the hens will be ready for fall laying when eggs are scarce. This may or may not be the result of feeding salt plentifully to them, but I am compelled to believe it to be so, as are some other peculiarities.

I have noticed one feature which may not be in favor of salt. The hens seem to be more persistently inclined to set, it being more difficult to break them up.

All seem to be voraciously fond of all kinds of green food, and have eaten a large quantity of clover, grass, young corn, and similar food.

My observations lead me to the conclusion that salt is necessary for all poultry, and in most points beneficial. Pigeons are excessively fond of it, and why should not poultry be also?

Profitable Pork Raising.

My experience the last few months convinces me more than ever that we must raise pork as cheap as possible if we are to sell at present prices at any profit. I have been in the habit of feeding my young pigs soaked corn pretty freely; but have come to the conclusion that bran and shorts or rye and oats ground together and fed as a thin swill is better. I think it is better cooked, and in cold weather fed warm. Feed no more each time than they will eat clean. I am well pleased with my experience with the Red Brazillian Artichoke as a cheap food for swine, and shall this year increase my fields to twenty acres. Last year was a poor year for them, and yet mine yielded over three hundred bushels to the acre. I am well satisfied that they sometimes yield eight hundred bushels per acre. The hogs seemed to like them as well as corn, and, where they have plenty of them, will not only grow, but fatten; in fact, will leave their corn to eat them. I think them the cheapest hog food we can raise. Besides, the tops, of which they produce a large amount can be used as fodder. Cattle, mules and horses are very fond of it. Last season I raised five hundred bushels of mangel wurtzel beets, which I am now feeding to my brood sows. They eat them eagerly, and I have no fears of their eating their pigs when they come. I tried to secure a nice lot of clover, (second growth) but the best laid plans of mice and men gang a'f agley." Twice I cut it and cured it carefully, but lost it with the storms before I could stack it. I think if I had such a stack of clover now I could make good use of it, cut short, dampened and mixed with ground feed. To fatten with or finish, I admit corn is king, but my experience convinces me it is not the best food for young growing hogs. they need coarser or more bulky food, and some exercise to develop large forms, with plenty of muscle and healthy digestive organs. When they have reached this stage they are ready to receive the finishing touches, that the corn and leisure can give, and, if placed on a cheap market will still do the breeder some good.

Good and Bad Cooking.

American Agriculturalist.

Housekeepers or cooks do a vast amount of mischief by the perversion of taste, and the subsequent derangement of the stomach. Making sour bread is one of their most common sins. Many do not know when bread is sour, and supply it with a distinctly acid flavor, believing that it is very "nice," because it is so very light. They suppose bread is sour only when all the vinous fermentation has changed to the acetic. Bread is sour as soon as it tastes at all sour. This may go on increasing, but to the best breadmaker the least acid flavor is a source of grief. Really good bread is positively *sweet*, and will be just as light and spongy as the nicest sour bread, if good material and the proper care are used. In families where the taste is perverted by sour bread, other abominations are usually tolerated—biscuit tasting either of excess of soda or of bitter buttermilk; vegetables seasoned with bad butter; pie-crust strongly flavored with lard or tallow; cake tasting of rancid butter, etc. Along with this diet naturally goes a deal of spicing to cover the bad flavors or much washing down with hot, strongly seasoned coffee or tea. Sour bread is never good in milk, and children prefer to lunch on pie or cake, rather than on sour bread and milk or butter. The whole family eat as little bread as possible; and the butcher's bill is very heavy—and they call all this "good living!" Just count the empty bottles labelled "Bitters," or "Blood Purifier," that lie around the house where sour bread and "good living" (as generally understood), either or both hold sway!

The plainest food can be made to taste very good simply by selecting, preparing and preserving it. Those who eat food selected and prepared with chief reference to its nourishing qualities, eating moderately to gratify a natural appetite, instead of a morbid craving, really enjoy eating more than the gourmand or glutton, whose chief pleasure is in eating, and who must have everything fixed up "good," with condiments or hot sauces, and washed down with stimulents. He becomes incapable of detecting and appreciating delicate flavors, and so wears out the sense of taste that it is hard work to find anything that he can relish; while a dish of good bread and good unskimmed milk seems very delicious to people with undepraved appetites. Recently I heard a little girl who does not like bread and milk say of a piece of bread and butter, that "no cake could taste better!" The bread was made of good whole wheat flour, stirred up with nothing but water, and baked in gem irons. It was spread with creamy butter, and I think any one to be pitied who would not like the taste of such gems and such butter. Thorough chewing adds to the pleasure of the sense of taste, this sense resides in the tongue, and in the soft palate and its arches. One common way of abusing the sense of taste is, by eating fast with very slight chewing, so that the food is not retained in the mouth long enough to give the nerves of taste a chance to fairly taste the quality of the food eaten. But for this rapid eating and washing down with agreeably flavored drinks, much that is usually eaten would be rejected as either bitter or tasteless.

More Grass and Less Corn.

Mexico (Mo.) Ledger.

Iowa has over five hundred creameries, and there is no reason of any sort that they should not be proportionately numerous in the blue-grass countries of Missouri, in the midst of which Audrian is situated. All that is needed for their introduction is a little enterprise in Mexico and other suitable points.

The creamery is an advance upon the old style of dairying, and the still more antiquated methods of butter-making Every farmer, and especially every farmer's wife, understands from experience and without explanation of any kind, the drudgery of keeping pans and churns in fit condition to produce first class butter in localities destitute of springs and spring-houses. Neither do those living in the neighborhood of successful dairies need to be reminded of how much their mode of gathering milk and converting it into butter and cheese simplified their labors and increased their profits. But even all those do not fully comprehend, and, therefore, need to be informed that creameries go farther than dairies in producing desirable results. A creamery sends for and gathers up cream in place of milk. The latter, therefore, is left with the farmer as an additional source of money-getting to be utilized by being fed to calves or pigs, to whose increase of bone and flesh to the greatest possible extent, it is of almost indispensible importance.

The parties most interested in the establishment of creameries are the farmers and their families. Instead of keeping and churning their milk into grease to be exchanged at little or no profit for goods or groceries, where creameries are in successful operation, its product can be sold in cash for as much as can be proportionately gotten for the first-class butter made out of it. By substituting pastures and meadows for corn land, danger of injury from bugs is measureably obviated, and at the same time the fertility of the whole farm is greatly increased. It has been calculated that the average yield of cows for six months among creameries is $20, and at the end of the year the calf, with the assistance of skimmed milk is worth about $2.

The success of the creamery system, now so thoroughly authenticated by trial, is due almost wholly to the invention of cans for receiving and keeping milk and gathering cream. The receiving can is made with a cylinder in its centre, furnishing the means of thoroughly cooling milk, and thus preparing it to throw up pure cream. They also have flues for filling and emptying. The gathering cans are provided with air-tight covers that exclude dust and other impurities in transportation. They are also so constructed that the cream in them cannot be shaken up by the motion of the wagon. Cream can, therefore, be hauled in them for long distances. Many creameries transport their cream over twenty-five miles without injury to its prodictiveness.

Our attention has been drawn to this subject by parties contemplating the introduction of creameries into this country. We have been informed that if our farmers are willing to pledge their cooperation the capital necessary for their establishment will be forthcoming. Already a number of prominent farmers have undertaken to furnish cream from 75 to 100 cows each. From investigation made, we are satisfied that small farmers will derive greater proportionate benefits from creameries than large ones. With proper co-operation there ought to be no difficulty in making from 1 500 to 2 000 pounds of first-class butter here daily, for a considerable portion of which a good home market exists, while the balance could be readily shipped to either St. Louis or Chicago, and even to New York and other eastern cities for both consumption and export. We know of no other enterprises which are as certain of success as that of creameries. Mexico has such railroad connections that cream from the neighboring counties could be readily brought to it and our town thereby made as prosperous a butter center as points in other states possessing similar advantages.

MOUNTAINS OF ICE.

Arctic Experiences of Incoming European Steamers—The India's Bow Crushed by a Berg—Surrounded by Ice.

New York Herald, June 1.

Several of the incoming steamers yesterday reported good trips with the exception of the presence of icebergs and fogs. The French Steamer St. Laurent, which left Havre on May 20, sighted several very large bergs on the 57th lat., while off the lower point of the banks. The steamship India, of Carr's Direct Hamburg line, had an actual contact with one of the floating ice-mountains, and a great patch of planking on her star-board bow showed where a great hole had been torn through her iron shell by the collision. The vessel, under command of Capt. Foberland, left Hamburg May 14, with a general cargo of assorted merchandise to Seager Brothers and 492 steerage passengers.

The voyage was uneventful until the morning of May 24, when in latitude 43 deg. 25 min., longitude 44 deg. 52 min., two very large icebergs were encountered. They were about 300 feet square and rose up above the surface of the sea some fifty feet. The engines were at once slowed up, especially as a fog at that time settled down. When the outlook became once more clear, full headway was given the steamer; but on the morning of the 25th the iceberg difficulty became serious. In the words of Capt. Hoberland: "We knew from the excessive chilliness of the atmosphere, that we were near some of the icebergs, and we were going on very slowly, when suddenly one of the two men kept on the lookout cried out that we were close upon one of them. We put the helm hard astarboard, and we struck with a sort of slowing motion. I knew that the blow was well forward of the first bulkhead; so I did not feel any uneasiness. The passengers were on deck just after breakfast singing and some of them dancing, and there was no excitement worth mentioning, they had faith in me and took my word for it when I told them there was no ground for apprehension. I found that a hole about two by six feet had been stove in above the water-line, and as the sea was calm we at once planked it up from the outside, calling the work well, and then from the inside we placed in a temporary ceiling and shored it well, so that we did not take in more than about fifteen bucketfulls in the twenty-four hours after the blow.

"Within an hour and a half after the accident we seemed to be in the midst of a field of icebergs, and at times we could not look in any direction without seeing them. We counted at one time in sight no less than thirty-five monster ones, say about fifty feet square. These latter are really very dangerous, and they are apt to have points projecting out from their body under water, and as they are big enough to stave a hole in a vessel they must not be touched or an opening below the water-line may result. We did not have so much fog on that day, though at the time we struck it was impossible to see the lookout from the bridge. At times while we were in the field it was necessary to go hard astern in order to secure a new passage way when several bergs blocked up our way in front. I have been at sea twenty-four years and have been many times about Cape Horn, but I never saw such a collection of floating icebergs before. We were keeping well to the south at the time, as I had passed over the same track but a few weeks before and remarked how clear it was. The passengers enjoyed the tree show afforded them very much.

A Stranger in a Sunday School.

The Rev. Dr. William G. Schauffler relates the following story in the New York *Observer*. It happened in New York about twenty-five years ago: "One Sunday, while one of our greatest Sabbath schools was assembled and occupied busily with the lesson of the day, a very tall stranger walked in and sat down. His looks were plain, but entirely calculated to inspire respect. He seemed delighted with the sight of so many beautiful children and devoted teachers, all deeply interested in their work. The superintendent noticed the effect produced by the sight upon the stranger, and before the school closed he stepped up to him and said: 'As you have manifested so warm an interest in this our soleman work, I should be obliged to you if you would address a few words to the scholars before they separate. I am sure the children would long remember it.' The stranger consented, and when called on rose to his feet, looking like young King Saul among the assembled Israelites. He addressed the school in simple, bland, affectionate terms, telling them how privileged they were in the enjoyment of such advantages of common schools during the week, and Sunday schools on the Sabbath, with Bible studies and religious instruction so kindly given to them. He told them how children used to grow up in the western part of the country during his childhood, and how his mother taught him the A, B, C, and to spell, and to read, and to study the Bible and the catechism, or he would have grown up like an Indian, as thousands of children then did in those parts, etc. He tried to impress them with the debt of gratitude they owed to God for these inestimable blessings, and what their country had a right to expect from citizens trained up and taught as they were. The entire school listened to the words of the tall speaker with rapt, even breathless attention. When he had finished and was preparing to leave, the superintendent requested for himself and the school the privilege of knowing to whose voice they had been permitted to listen, assuring him that the scholars would never forget his words, but carry them through all their future days. The stranger replied: 'My name is Abraham Lincoln.' and passed out, leaving the superintendent almost embarrassed with surprise."

The Opium Habit.

Philadelphia Record.

It is not a pleasant reflection that the vicious and insidious habit of opium-eating, more depraving and ruinous in its effects than liquor drinking, has obtained a strong hold upon our people, and is rapidly increasing, as statistics prove. At the recent yearly meeting of the Friends in Providence, R. I., a paper was read showing that there are 400,000 opium-eaters in the United States, and that the importations of the drug have increased from 90,000 pounds in 1869, to nearly 300,000 pounds in 1880, while the importations of morphine have increased in the same time 140 per cent. Both forms of the narcotic are used as an intoxicant, and, humiliating as the fact may be, the habit is largly confined to women, chiefly those of the well-to do-class, to whom the laws of society prohibit alcoholic drinks. Statistics show that in some towns in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky there are six-opium-eaters to every one hundred inhabitants. In China there are over 200,000 opium smokers, who pay $125,000 000 a year for the "pleasure." The British government in India derives an annual revenue of $40,000,000 from opium. It is estimated that already 6,000 Americans have learned to smoke the vile and deathful drug. This does not justify us in calling our countrymen opium-eaters, and the figures are not alarming except in their future significance. They are sufficient, however, to warrant not only protest but an active combative movement against the insidious habit which is so rapidly gaining ground among us. The proper way to attack the opium evil is a question for immediate consideration. In California a law is proposed making the use of the drug a misdemeanor. The time is past for sentimentalism with drunkards and slaves to habit. Stern measures should be taken at once, that the threatened danger may be averted.

A Mining Experience.

An exciting incident, which illustrates the perils and discomforts of deep mining in Nevada, occurred in the Alta mine a few days ago. While seven men were working in the end of a drift, 1,500 feet below the surface, a powerful pump, which was constantly used to lift the constantly flowing water from the drift, broke and the pumping was stopped. The rapidly accumulating water rose in the drift and broke through the bulkhead erected to protect the working party, and it was thought the men must either drown or be overcome by the heat and the lack of air in their deep underground prison. It was remembered, however, that the end of the drift where the party were imprisoned was higher than the general level, and this might save them from drowning at least. The broken pump was repaired as quickly as possible, and the pumping of water from the drift recommenced, and at the same time air was forced into the drift through pipes. The work of rescue was kept up day by day, sixty hours after this accident occurred, the water in the drift was lowered sufficiently to allow a small, light canvas boat, with three men in it, to be let down. Two of the men died of the stifling hot air, and the third barely effected his escape. Notwithstanding this, a fourth man descended and attempted to wade to the end of the drift, but he was forced to return in a delirious condition, without accomplishing anything more than seeing a light at the end of the drift and finding the boat. Two others followed, but were unable to reach the desired point on account of the heat and gas. Still another, having his head protected with an ice-helmet, used by miners in the deep levels, descended and waded through the hot water to the end of the drift, where, to his great surprise and delight, he found the seven prisoners alive, nearly starved to death, patiently waiting for the rescue they hoped would come, but resigned to their fate if the worst should come. They were speedily brought out The only lives lost were those of the two brave miners who perished in the boat in the attempt to reach their comrades.

Education for the Kitchen.

The next great step must be in aid of the art of cookery; and the friends of genuine social improvement may congratulate themselves that the progress of education is beginning to take effect upon this most important department of domestic life. Cooking-schools are being organized in many places in this country and in England, and the English are taking the lead in making them a part of their national and common school system.

Of the importance, the imperative necessity of this movement, there can not be the slightest question. Our kitchens as is perfectly notorious, are the fortified intrenchments of ignorance, prejudice, irrational habits, rule-of-thumb, and mental vacuity, and the consequence is that the Americans are liable to the reproach of suffering beyond any other people, from wasteful, unpalatable, unhealthful and monotonous cookery. Considering our resources, and the vaunted education and intelligence of American women, this reproach is just. Our kitchens are, in fact, almost abandoned to the control of stupid creatures that pour in upon us from all parts of the globe. And, what is worse, there is a general acquiescence in this state of things, as if it were something fated, and relief from it hopeless and impossible. We profess to believe in the potency of education, and are applying it to all other interests and industries excepting only the fundamental preparation and use of food to suitain life, which involves more of economy, enjoyment, health, spirits and the power of effective labor, than any other subject that is formally studied in the schools. We abound in female seminaries, and in female colleges, and high schools, supported by burdensome taxes, in which everything under heaven is studied except that practical art which is a daily and vital necessity in all the households of the land.

Very Ancient English.

Demorest's Monthly for May.

Ethnologists say that the people whose earliest traces are found in England were like the modern Australians. They were black men with low brows, and were very inferior specimens of humanity. These were all destroyed during the glacial period, when Great Britain was covered with icebergs. After the ice age, and when Britain became habitable again, a new race made its appearance, some of the descendants of which are a part of the English nation. What they were originally we only know from tombs or barrows, in which are found their skeletons, weapons, domestic utensils and ornaments. They were a dark, short and thick-set race. Their skulls were very long and narrow. They were unacquainted with metals, and used stone implements in war and agriculture. They seemed to live in little communities after a socialistic fashion, and it is certain that they had some domestic animals, among others pigs. These stone-age men, as they were called, would cut a sorry figure beside the Englishman of to-day, for the latter is the product of mixed and very much superior races.

To have stored moral capital enough to meet the drafts of death at sight must be an unmatched tonic.

LITTLE FOLKS.

Tommy seated on his mother's lap and reading about Eve and the serpent, —"She wasn't like you, mamma, for you're afraid of a mouse."

Natural History.—"Listen, auntie; what's that?" "It's the cuckoo, darling. Don't you know the cuckoo?" "Oh, yes! The cuckoo is that horrid bird that doesn't lay it's own eggs."

"Gumbo soup!" exclaimed the little boy the other day, as he read it from the bill of fare. "I say, ma, they have named a soup after Barnum's new elephant, haven't they?"

A gentleman giving a lecture to some boys was explaining how no one could live without air. He then said, "You have all heard of a man drowning; how does it happen?" The ready answer was, "'Cause he can't swim."

A little fellow came to school brimful of talk about a brand new baby in his block. "How old is it?" asked somebody. "I don't know how old it is," he answered naively, "they only found it last night."

An Indianapolis five-year-old was reproved by his mother for hanging on to the street cars, when he exclaimed: "Well, you won't let me join the church, and that's why I do it. How can I be good unless I join the church?"

A little Boston girl who has seen an engraved copy of Millais' "The Princes in the Tower," in a picture shop window, went in the other day and said to the shopkeeper: "I came to ask you if you would please take that picture out of your window. Every time I pass I look in, and the picture is so sad it makes me very unhappy. Won't you please take it away?"

From a Mississippi subscriber—"Little Arthur goes to school, and when called up to recite goes with his book bottom side upward. His teacher, expostulating, say: "Why, Arthur, you have gotten your book bottom side up. Didn't you know you could not go down your A, B, C's with it that way?" "Yes, ma'am," says Arthur, "but I thought I could go up them."

A little girl, three years old, was charged with breaking a flower from its stem. She said: "No, I didd't beak it." Her mother, however, argued that she must have done it, for no one else had been in the room; but she said: "'Deed, 'deed I didn't!" Thinking to make her confess, the mother said: "Now, Ada, I see a story in your eye!" "Well, that's one told the other day, for I didn't beak the fower." And it was found that she had not.

The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, pastor of Holy Trinity Church in Brooklyn, has always taught his youngest child to say grace at the table as soon as he could speak. His young hopeful is now a small boy, whose prerogative is to ask the divine blessing upon the food as soon as the family is seated. A few days ago the preacher, being in a hurry to get through the evening meal to go to a wedding, entered the dining room swiftly, and as soon as he took his seat, promptly said grace himself. His son looked at him in surprise, and, as the father finished, the boy, shaking out his napkin, said: "Well, you've got cheek."

A Lady Lawyer's Retort.

San Jose Mercury.

Judge Tyler, of San Francisco, is well known to the bar of that city as a most formidable opponent, both forensically and physically, as many a "learned counsel" upon the other side has found out.

The Judge, who is so used to dominating his brethren of the bar, recently met his match in the lady lawyer of San Francisco, Clara S Foltz, who clipped his wind in a manner that well nigh suffocated him. The story is too good to be lost.

The case of Tyler vs. the Hibernia Savings Bank was pending before one of the city courts, involving the right to a certain deposit of funds in said bank. It seems that Tyler, by a little bit of sharp practice, was trying to ring in a "cold deck" in the shape of a default that had been erroneously dated, the admission of which by the judge upon the bench would have sent the defendant out of court. Mrs. Foltz showed up the matter satisfactorily to the court and the default was promptly set aside. This nettled Judge Tyler considerably, and turning to the lady counsel he said sharply, in a manner intended to be intensely impressive, that "counsel had better be engaged in other business," that "a woman's place was at home raising her children."

The words were scarcely uttered before Mrs. Foltz rose in he queenly way, and flashing her blue eyes straight into the Judge's florid face, she quietly remarked: "A woman had better be engaged in almost any business than in raising such men as you are, sir."

The court commanded order, but in a tone that seemed to appreciated the justice of the retort, while a number of lawyers in court, some of whose heads Judge Tyler has held in "chancery" on former occasions, came near exploding with silent laughter.

The counsel turned white with anger and groaned in spirit, but concluded that it was better to drop the subject then and there.

Pat and Pete wishing to introduce a new game suggested they play Hog and Lion. "All right," says Pat, "you get in that mud puddle and roll and grunt, and I will go out here and roar." This being done, Pete wants to change and asks Pat to be pig and he will be lion. "Oh no," says Pat, "I don't make a good pig, and you can do your roaring when your mother sees your clothes."

The Rochester *Democrat* thinks that one of the saddest sights in the world is to see a young man trying to treat his sweetheart's small and depraved brother as though he was his dearest friend.

When people undertake to restrain themselves without knowing how, they are often worse off than had they left themselves alone.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"A fellow must sow his wild oats, you know," exclaimed the adolescent John. "Yes," replied Annie, "but shouldn't begin sowing so soon after cradling.

The most sensible people of the county live at Lansing, Mich. A butcher shop in that place bears the sign, "closed till meat gets cheaper."

German friend—"De picture you haf bainted is most putiful; dere is only von vord in de English lanekguige vich describes it—and I haf vorgotten it."

Monopoly defined: Class in definitions—"What is monopoly?" "That rival establishment over the way." When is a monopoly not a monopoly?" "When it is in your own hands."

An Iowa woman struck at a tramp with an ax and cut a lock of hair from his head. If she had been splitting wood she couldn't have hit within three feet of the stick.

Three Cairo Aldermen, each with a black eye, attended the same meeting of the council the other night, and all told the same story of a stick of wood flying up.

It is that good old lady, Mrs. Partington, who says very wisely that there is not much difference between a poet and a pullet, except in the spelling, for both spend most of their time in chanting their lays.

Household Scene.—Joyous Husband—"Here, my dear, my portrait has just come home from the artist's—you shall see how faithful it is." Wife (dryly)—"Then it does not resemble the original."

When a man comes out in a crowd and says he will not run for office he reminds one very much of that other man who pinned a temperance badge on his coat so that some one would ask him to take a drink under the mistaken impression that he would refuse.

A newspaper always has a chance to advertise charity entertainments for nothing, and then has a chance to thank itself by publishing for nothing the resolutions of thanks passed by a few unimportant persons who never fail to boo up serenely on such occasions.

Servant (who has called to see about a place)—"Well, yes, 'm, my eyes are not as good as they were, 'm. Not that there is anything wrong with them, but whenever I clean the pots and tins, 'm, I shine them so bright that they dazzle my eyes. It's my only defeck, 'm.

Cook—"Madame, may I ask you for my testimonials?" Mistress—"What do you expect me to write, you worthless creature? Surely I cannot say that I am satisfied with you." Cook—"It isn't necessary. Only write that I remained with you three months. That will be my best recommendation."

"She's a dear, good girl," sa'd a St. Louis young man, in reference to a Chicago fair one. "I assure you, father, she is all soul." "Yes," replied his stern parent, the old prejudice against the Garden City embittering his words: "I saw her footprint in the sand by the lake side. You are right; she is all sole."

An Austin editor was writing at home, when his numerous children disturbed him, whereupon he howled to his wife: "I'm busy writing an editorial denouncing the infliction of corporeal punishment on children in the public schools of Texas, and if those brats interrupt me once more I'll get up and wear my cane out on them."

A growler's luck: "This is just my luck," said the gloomy man at the theatre. "Here's a performance going that's so bad its agonizing to witness, and it the first time in six months that I haven't had a woman with a bath tub hat in front of me when I've been to the theatre.

A New England man wanted a horse to ride at the annual parade. "Do you want a spirited animal?" asked the liveryman. "No not very." "Do you want a quiet one?" "No not very." "What do you want then?" "I want a horse that looks a good deal more spirited then he really is."

The latest joke about King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands is that he cannot help being a good man. The reason assigned is that his ancestors ate so much missionary in their time that it worked into their system and was transmitted to their descendants. Missionaries who are eaten are, after all, not wasted, it would appear.

In the stone floor of a Court House vestibule in a large Eastern town is the word "Justice" in large letters. An old resident who had just lost a suit was walking sadly out of the building. Seeing the letters in the floor he halted, uncovered his head, and said: "Justice, I knew you were dead, but I didn't know where you were buried."

A man was once asked how he and his wife got along with so little friction in the family machinery. "Well," said he, "when we were first married we both wanted our own way. I wanted to sleep on linen sheets, my wife preferred cotton, and we couldn't agree. Finally, we talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that it was unchristian to live in constant bickering; so we compromised on linen, and have got along all right ever since."

It turns out that Longfellow wrote the following well-known rhymes. They were written when his daughter Edith was a "little girl."

There was a little girl,
Who had a little curl,
That hung right down on her forehead.
And when she was good,
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid.